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The fair Pompeiian loved her body in warm, scented baths of asses' or goats' milk, lying in luxuriousness for an hour; nay, an hour was the merest point of time with her when so employed; often a bath occupied the entire morning. In consequence, her flesh was as delicately-tinted a white as the inner leaf of a newly opened tea-rose, of satin-like texture as the petals of a callalyia. Venua Aphrodite, coming in all her lovely perfectness from the sea-foam, was her essential type. These same Pompeiian beauties, by the way, dressed, walked, talked and strove to be enchanting after the Greek styles as thoroughly as any of our own fair ones strive, to-day, to emulate the seductive grace of the Parisienne. Next to the skin, the belles of that buried age, and their Greek models also, wore a garment of cambrie; then a band of strophium, which supported the bosom without confining it, since nothing would have been considered more shocking than straightening up the figure in corsets, binding it up in whalebone splints (—the softly natural curves, the undulating swell, being thought the true line of beauty in all sorts of artistic forms, in life as well as stone. The maker of the strophium was as much prized as the corset-maker in our day. Over this band was always worn a jacket, with sleeves, made of the finest wool. Then came the graceful tunics, the length of which was evidence of the character of the dame it adorned. This form of dress was equally the custom among Roman fairs, as among the Greek and Pompeiian. A mantle, the artistic grace in the arrangement of which the most celebrated French modiste of to-day cannot equal, the manner of wearing which, under the right breast, over the left, and thrown across the shoulder, was as unvarying as the color, which was always white, and which one of their poets called "woven wind-clouds," was the invariable dress of walking.

"Go see what I ha  
Go feel what I i  
Go out at early da  
And smell what